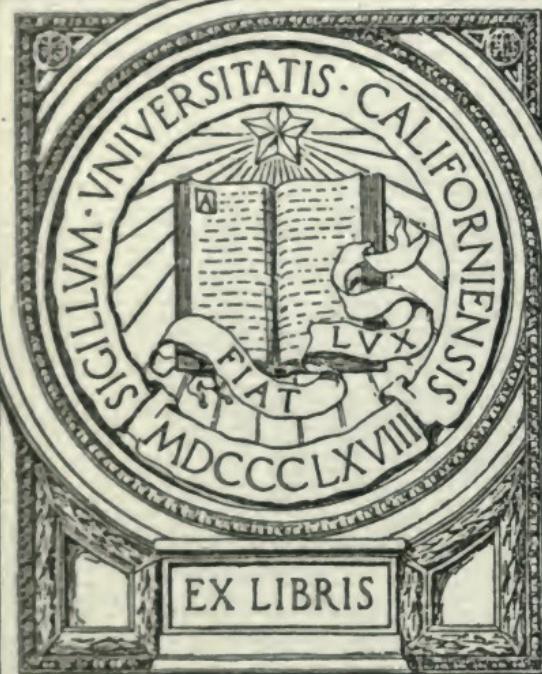




THE  
RUBAIYAT  
OF  
OMAR  
KHAYYAM

GIFT OF  
Mrs. I. M. Aiken



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RUBÁIYÁT  
OF OMAR  
KHAYYÁM  
THE ASTRO-  
NOMER POET  
OF PERSIA  
DONE INTO  
ENGLISH BY  
EDWARD  
FITZ GERALD

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THE RUBAIYAT  
OF OMAR KHAYYAM

ROSE-GREEN

ENGLISH

PUBLISHED



## PREFACE





O MAR WAS ONE OF THE MOST remarkable, as well as the most distinguished, of the poets of Persia, at the latter end of the twelfth century. He was altogether unprecedented in regard to the freedom of his religious opinions; or, rather, his boldness in denouncing hypocrisy and intolerance, and the enlightened views he took of the fanaticism and mistaken devotion of his countrymen. He may be called the Voltaire of Persia, though his writings are not calculated to shock European notions so much as those of the followers of the Prophet. The priests were his great enemies, and he was peculiarly hated by false devotees, whose arts he exposed. His indulgence to other creeds gave great offence, and his liberty of speech drew down upon him continued censure; yet was he extremely popular, and his compositions were read with avidity by those who did not come under the head of bigots, and the admiration of this class consoled him for the enmity of the other.

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He was born at Nishapur, and devoted much of his time to the study of astronomy, of which science he was a learned professor; but it is asserted by his ill-wishers, that instead of his studies leading him to the acknowledgment of the power of the Supreme Being, they prompted him to disbelief. The result of his reflections on this important subject is given in a poem of his, much celebrated, under the title of *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám.

He was the friend of Hassan Sabah, the founder of the sect of the Assassins; and it has been conjectured, assisted him in the establishment of his diabolical doctrines and fellowship. Some allowance must, however, be made for the prejudices of his historians, who would, of course, neglect nothing calculated to cast odium on one so inimical to their superstitions.

Omar Khayyám seems particularly to direct his satire against the mysticism of Moasi, and the rest of the Mystic Poets.

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## NOTES



## NOTES ON RUBÁIYÁT OF OM- AR KHAYYÁM BY N. H. DOLE

VERSE II. The “*False Dawn*”; *Subhi Kázib*, a transient Light on the Horizon about an hour before the *Subhi sddik*, or True Dawn; a well-known Phenomenon in the East.

VERSE IV. New Year. Beginning with the Vernal Equinox, it must be remembered; and (howsoever the old Solar Year is practically superseded by the clumsy *Lunar* Year that dates from the Mohammedan Hijra) still commemorated by a Festival that is said to have been appointed by the very Jamshyd whom Omar so often talks of, and whose yearly Calendar he helped to rectify.

“The sudden approach and rapid advance of the Spring,” says Mr Binning, “are very striking. Before the Snow is well off the Ground, the Trees burst into Blossom, and the Flowers start from the Soil. At *Naw Roorz* (*their* New Year’s Day) the Snow was lying in patches on the Hills and in the shaded Vallies, while the Fruit-trees in the Garden were budding beautifully, and green Plants and Flowers springing up on the Plains on every side—

‘And on old Hyems’ Chin and icy Crown  
‘An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds  
Is, as in mockery, set—’—

Among the Plants newly appear’d I recognized some Acquaintances I had not seen for many a Year: among these, two varieties of the Thistle; a coarse species of the Daisy, like the Horse-gowan; red and white Clover; the Dock; the blue Corn-flower; and that vulgar Herb the Dandelion rearing its yellow crest on the Banks of the Water-courses.” The Nightingale was not yet heard, for the Rose was not yet blown: but an almost identical Blackbird and Woodpecker helped to make up something of a North-country Spring.

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VERSE IV. "THE WHITE HAND OF MOSES." Exodus iv. 6; where Moses draws forth his Hand—not according to the Persians, "*leprous as Snow,*"—but *white*, as our May-blossom in Spring perhaps. According to them also the Healing Power of Jesus resided in his Breath.

VERSE V. Iram, planted by King Shaddád, and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshyd's Seven-ring'd Cup was typical of the 7 Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas, &c., and was a *Divining Cup*.

VERSE VI. *Pehlevi*, the old Heroic *Sanskrit* of Persia. Háfiz also speaks of the Nightingale's *Pehlevi*, which did not change with the People's.

VERSE VI. I am not sure if the fourth line refers to the Red Rose looking sickly, or to the Yellow Rose that ought to be Red; Red, White, and Yellow Roses all common in Persia. I think that Southe, in his Common-Place Book, quotes from some Spanish author about the Rose being White till 10 o'clock; "Rosa Perfecta" at 2; and "perfecta incarnada" at 5.

VERSE IX. Rustum, the "Hercules" of Persia, and Zál his Father, whose exploits are among the most celebrated in the Sháh-náma. Hátim Tai, a well-known type of Oriental Generosity.

VERSE XII. A Drum—beaten outside a Palace.

VERSE XIII. That is, the Rose's Golden Centre.

VERSE XVII. Persepolis: call'd also *Takht-i-Jamshyd*—THE THRONE OF JAMSHYD, "King Splendid," of the mythical *Peshdádian* Dynasty, and supposed (according to the Sháh-náma) to have been founded and built by him. Others refer it to the Work of the Genie King, Ján Ibn Ján—who also built the Pyramids—before the time of Adam.

BAHRÁM GÚR—*Bahrám of the Wild Ass*—a Sas-

## NOTES

sanian Sovereign—had also his Seven Castles (like the King of Bohemia!) each of a different Colour; each with a Royal Mistress within; each of whom tells him a Story, as told in one of the most famous Poems of Persia, written by Amír Khusraw; all these Sevens also figuring (according to Eastern Mysticism) the Seven Heavens; and perhaps the Book itself that Eighth, into which the mystical Seven transcend, and within which they revolve. The Ruins of Three of those Towers are yet shown by the Peasantry; as also the Swamp in which Bahrám sunk, like the Master of Ravenswood while pursuing his *Gür*.

The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw.  
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew—

I saw the solitary Ringdove there,  
And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "Coo, coo, coo."

This Quatrain Mr Binning found, among several of Háfiz and others, inscribed by some stray hand among the ruins of Persepolis. The Ringdove's ancient *Pehlevi* *Coo, Coo, Coo*, signifies also in Persian "Where? Where? Where?" In Attár's "Bird-parliament" she is reproved by the Leader of the Birds for sitting still, and for ever harping on that one note of lamentation for her lost Yúsuf.

Apropos of Omar's Red Roses in Stanza xix, I am reminded of an old English Superstition, that our Anemone Pulsatilla, or purple "Pasque Flower," (which grows plentifully about the Fleam Dyke, near Cambridge), grows only where Danish Blood has been spilt.

VERSE XX. A thousand years to each Planet.

VERSE XXXI. Saturn, Lord of the Seventh Heaven.

VERSE XXXII. ME-AND-THEE: some individual Existence or Personality distinct from the Whole.

VERSE XXXVI. One of the Persian Poets—Attár, I think—has a pretty story about this. A thirsty Traveller

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dips his hand into a Spring of Water to drink from. By-and-by comes another who draws up and drinks from an earthen Bowl, and then departs, leaving his Bowl behind him. The first Traveller takes it up for another draught; but is surprised to find that the same Water which had tasted sweet from his own hand tastes bitter from the earthen Bowl. But a Voice—from Heaven, I think—tells him the clay from which the Bowl is made was once *Man*; and, into whatever shape renew'd, can never lose the bitter flavour of Mortality.

VERSE XLI. A Jest, of course, at his Studies. A curious mathematical Quatrain of Omar's has been pointed out to me; the more curious because almost exactly parallel'd by some Verses of Doctor Donne's, that are quoted in Izaak Walton's Lives! Here is Omar: “ You and I are the image of a pair of compasses; though we have two heads (sc. our *feet*) we have one body; when we have fixed the centre for our circle, we bring our heads (sc. feet) together at the end.” Dr Donne:

If we be two, we two are so  
As stiff twin-compasses are two;  
Thy Soul, the fixt foot, makes no show  
To move, but does if the other do.  
  
And though thine in the centre sit,  
Yet when my other far does roam,  
Thine leans and hearkens after it,  
And grows erect as mine comes home.  
  
Such thou must be to me, who must  
Like the other foot obliquely run;  
Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
And me to end where I begun.

VERSE XLIII. The Seventy-two Religions supposed to divide the World, *including* Islamism, as some think: but others not.

## NOTES

VERSE XLIII. The custom of throwing a little Wine on the ground before drinking still continues in Persia, and perhaps generally in the East. Monsieur Nicolas considers it “un signe de libéralité, et en même temps un avertissement que le buveur doit vider sa coupe jusqu'à la dernière goutte.” Is it not more likely an ancient Superstition; a Libation to propitiate Earth, or make her an Accomplice in the illicit Revel? Or, perhaps to divert the Jealous Eye by some sacrifice of superfluity, as with the Ancients of the West? With Omar we see something more is signified; the precious Liquor is not lost, but sinks into the ground to refresh the dust of some poor Wine-worshipper foregone.

Thus Háfiz, copying Omar in so many ways: “When thou drinkest Wine pour a draught on the ground. Wherefore fear the Sin which brings to another Gain?”

VERSE XLIV. Alluding to Sultan Mahmúd's Conquest of India and its dark people.

VERSE XLVI. *Fánusi khyd!*, a Magic-lanthorn still used in India; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the lighted Candle within.

VERSE XLVIII. According to one beautiful Oriental Legend, Azræl accomplishes his mission by holding to the nostril an Apple from the Tree of Life.

VERSE L. A very mysterious Line in the Original:

O dánad O dánad O dánad O—  
breaking off something like our Wood-pigeon's Note, which she is said to take up just where she left off.

VERSE LIV. Parwín and Mushtarí—the Pleiads and Jupiter.

VERSE LX. This Relation of Pot and Potter to Man and his Maker figures far and wide in the Literature of the World, from the time of the Hebrew Prophets to the present; when it may finally take the name of “Pot

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theism," by which Mr. Carlyle ridiculed Sterling's "Pantheism." My Sheikh whose knowledge flows in from all quarters, writes to me—

"Apropos of old Omar's Pots, did I ever tell you the sentence I found in 'Bishop Pearson on the Creed?' 'Thus are we wholly at the disposal of His will, and our present and future condition framed and ordered by His free, but wise and just, decrees. *Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?* (Rom. ix. 21.) And can that earth artificer have a freer power over his *brother potsherd* (both being made of the same metal), than God hath over him, who, by the strange fecundity of His omnipotent power, first made the clay out of nothing, and then him out of that?'"

And again—from a very different quarter—"I had to refer the other day to Aristophanes, and came by chance on a curious Speaking-pot story in the *Vespæ*, which I had quite forgotten.

(l. 1435)

Φιλοκλέων. "Λακούε, μὴ φεῦγ· ἐν Συβάρει γυνή ποτε κατέαξ ἔχηνον.

Κατήγορος. Ταῦτ' ἔγώ μαρτύρομαι.

Φί, Οὐχῖνος οὖν ἔχων τιν' ἐπεμαρτύρατο.  
Εἴθ' ή Συβαρῆτις εἶπεν ἐι ναὶ τὰν κόραν  
τὴν μαρτυρίαν ταύτην ἔάσας, ἐν τάχει  
ἐπιδεσμον ἐπρίω, νοῦν δὲν εἰχεις πλείονα.

"The Pot calls a bystander to be a witness to his bad treatment. The woman says, 'If, by Proserpine, instead of all this "testifying" (comp. Cudlie and his mother in "Old Mortality!") you would buy yourself a rivet, it would show more sense in you!' The Scholiast explains *eschinus* as *ἄγγος τι ἐκ κεράμου*."

One more illustration for the oddity's sake from the

## NOTES

“Autobiography of a Cornish Rector,” by the late James Hamley Tregenna. 1871.

“There was one old Fellow in our Company—he was so like a Figure in the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ that Richard always called him the ‘ALLEGORY,’ with a long white beard—a rare Appendage in those days—and a Face the colour of which seemed to have been baked in, like the Faces one used to see on Earthenware Jugs. In our Country-dialect Earthenware is called ‘*Clome*'; so the Boys of the Village used to shout out after him—‘Go back to the Potter, Old Clome-face, and get baked over again.’ For the ‘Allegory,’ though shrewd enough in most things, had the reputation of being ‘*sift-baked*,’ i.e., of weak intellect.”

VERSE LXVI. At the Close of the Fasting Month, Ramazán (which makes the Mussulman unhealthy and unamiable), the first Glimpse of the New Moon (who rules their division of the Year), is looked for with the utmost anxiety, and hailed with Acclamation. Then it is that the Porter’s Knot may be heard—toward the Cellar. Omar has elsewhere a pretty Quatrain about the same Moon—

“Be of Good Cheer—the sullen Month will die,

“And a young Moon requite us by and by:

“Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan

“With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky!”





I

# AWAKE!

for Morning  
in the Bowl of Night



\* Has flung the Stone  
that puts the Stars to Flight:

\* And Lo! the Hunter  
of the East has caught  
\* The Sultán's Turret  
in a Noose of Light.\*



# DREAMING when Dawn's Left

Hand was in the Sky

\* I heard a Voice with-

in the Tavern cry, \*

\* "Awake my Little ones,

and fill the Cup \*\*\*

\*\*\* Before Life's Liquor

in its Cup be dry. \*\*\*

AND, as the Cock  
crew, those

who stood before \*\*\*

“The Tavern shouted—

“Open then the Door!

“You know how little

while we have to stay,

“And, once departed,

may return no more.”

NOW the  
New Year  
reviving old Desires,  
\* The thoughtful Soul  
to solitude retires,\*  
\* Where the White Hand  
of Moses on the Bough  
\* Puts out, & Jesus from  
the Ground suspires.





And lo! the Hunter ~~as~~  
of the East has caught  
The Sultan's Turret in a  
~~as~~ Noose of Light, ~~as~~









IRAM indeed is—  
gone with all its Rose,  
And Jamshyd's Sevin-  
ring'd Cup where no  
one knows: \*\*\* \*\*\* \*\*\*  
But still the Vine her  
ancient Ruby yields,  
And still a Garden  
by the Water blows.

AND David's  
Lips are  
lockt; but in divine  
« High-piping Péhlevi,  
with "Wine! Wine! Wine!"  
« "Red Wine!" — the Night-  
tingale cries to the Rose  
« That yellow Cheek of  
hers to incarnadine. »

Come, fill  
the Cup, and  
in the fire of Spring  
\* The Winter Garment  
of Repentance fling: \*  
\* The Bird of Time  
has but a little way,  
\* To fly — and lo! the  
Bird is on the wing.

AND look—a  
thousand

Blossoms with the Day

\* Woke— & a thousand

scatter'd into Clay: \*

\* And this first summer

Month that brings the  
Rose

\* Shall take Jamshyd

and Kaikobad away.

BUT come with  
old Khayyám  
and leave the Lot \*\*\*

\* Of Kaikobád and  
Kaikhosrú forgot: \*\*

\* Let Rustum lay a-  
bout him as he will,

\* Or Hátim Tai cry  
Supper-heed them not.

WITH me along  
some Strip

of Herbage strown

\* That just divides the  
desert from the sown.

\* Where name of Slave &

Sultán scarce is known,

\* And pity Sultán Máh-  
múd on his Throne.

HERE with a  
Loaf of Bread

beneath the Bough,

\* A Flask of Wine, a

Book of Verse — & Thou

\* Beside me singing

in the Wilderness —

\* And Wilderness is

Paradise enow. \* \* \*

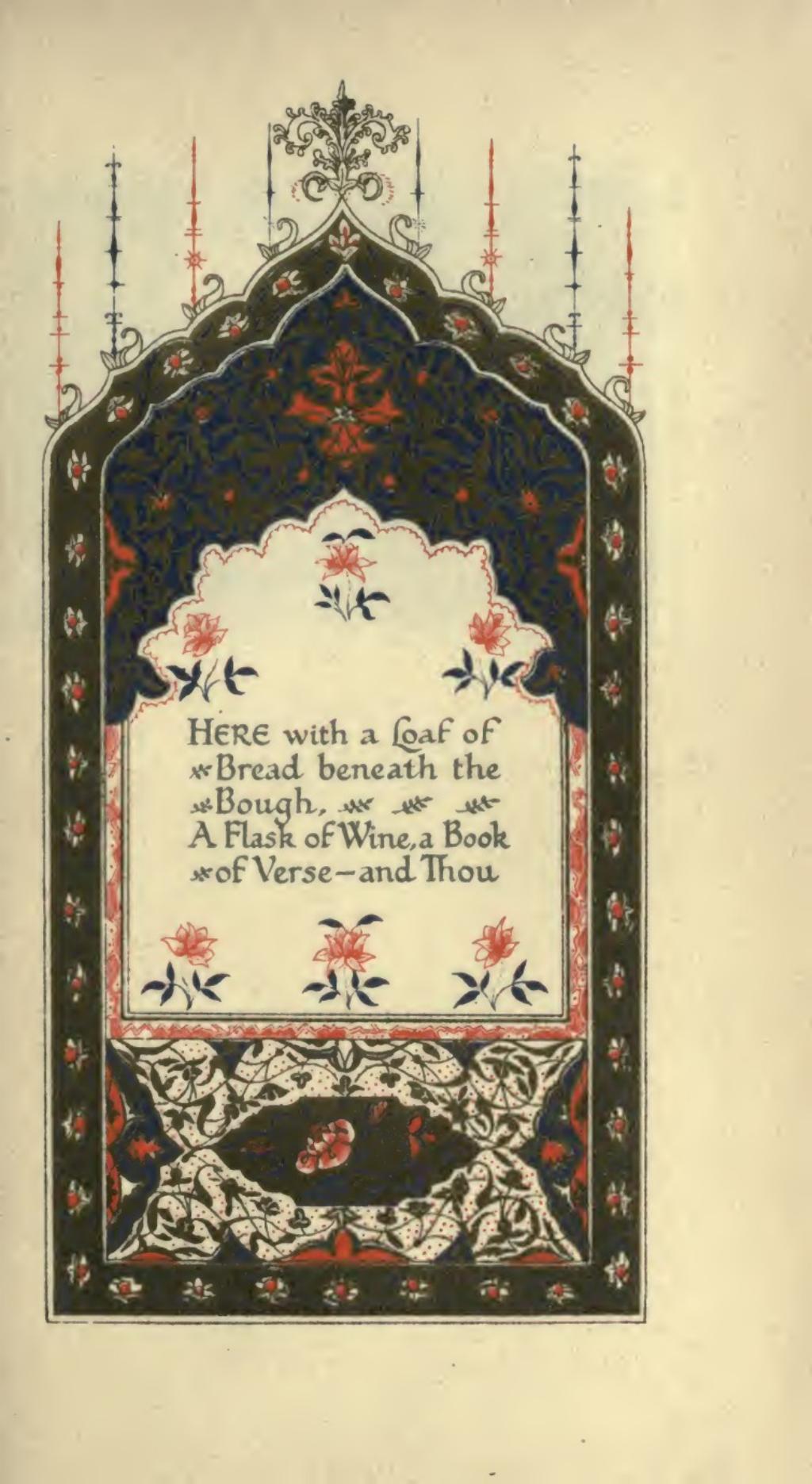
“**H**OW sweet  
is mortal  
Sovrancy”—think some:  
\* Others—“How blest  
the Paradise to come!”  
\* Ah, take the Cash in  
hand & waive the Rest;  
\* Oh, the brave Music  
of a distant Drum! \*

LOOK to the  
L Rose that  
blows about us—“Lo,  
\* “Laughing,” she says,  
into the World I blow;  
\*\* “At once the silken  
Tassel of my Purse—  
\* “Tear, & its Treasure  
on the Garden throw.”

THE Worldly  
Hope men  
set their Hearts upon  
\* Turns Ashes—or it  
prospers; and anon,  
\* Like Snow upon the  
Desert's dusty Face \*  
\* Lighting a little—  
Hour or two—is gone.







HERE with a Loaf of  
Bread beneath the  
Bough,  
A Flask of Wine, a Book  
of Verse—and Thou







AND those who  
husbanded  
the Golden Grain, \*

\* And those who flung  
it to the Winds like Rain,

\* Alike to no such  
aureate Earth are turn'd

\* As, buried once, Men  
want dug up again.\*

THINK.in  
this batter'd  
Caravanserai \* \* \*

\* Whose Doorways are  
alternate Night & Day,  
\* How Sultán after  
Sultán with his Pomp  
\* Abode his Hour or  
two, & went his way.\*

THEY say,  
the Lion &  
the Lizard keep \*\*\*  
\* The Courts where Jam-  
shyd gloried & drank  
                        deep;  
\* And Bahrám, that great  
Hunter — the Wild Ass  
\* Stamps o'er his Head,  
& he lies fast asleep. \*

I sometimes  
think that never  
blows so red \* \*

\* The Rose as where—  
some buried Cæsar bled;  
  
\* That every Hyacinth  
the Garden wears \* \*  
  
\* Dropt in its Lap from  
some once lovely Head.

AND this de-  
lightful Herb  
whose tender Green  
\* Fledges the River's Lip  
on which we lean —  
\* Ah, lean upon it light-  
ly! for who knows \*\*\*  
\* From what once lovely  
Lip it springs unseen!

AH, my Belovéd.  
fill the—  
Cup that clears \*\*\*  
\* Today of past Regrets  
and future Fears—  
\* To-morrow?—Why,  
To-morrow I may be \*  
\* Myself with Yesterday's  
Sevn Thousand Years.\*

O! some we—  
L loved, the  
loveliest & the best  
\* That Time & Fate of  
all their Vintage prest,  
\* Have drunk their Cup  
a Round or Two before,  
\* And one by one—  
crept silently to Rest.

AND we, that  
now make  
merry in the Room

\* They left, & Summer  
dresses in new Bloom,

\* Our-selves must we  
beneath the Couch of  
Earth

\* Descend, ourselves to  
make a Couch-for whom?

A H, make the—  
most of what  
we yet may spend. \*

\* Before we too into

the Dust descend ;

\* Dust into Dust, &  
under Dust, to lie, \*

\* Sans Wine, sans Song,  
sans Singer, &— sans End!

ALIKE for  
those who  
for Today prepare,

\* And those that after  
a To-morrow stare,

\* A Muezzin from the  
Tower of Darkness cries  
“Fools! your Reward is  
neither Here nor There!”

WHY, all ✠  
the Saints  
& Sages who discuss'd  
\* Of the Two Worlds so  
learnedly are thrust  
\* Like foolish Prophets forth;  
their Words to Scorn ✠  
\* Are scatter'd, & their  
Mouths are stopt with  
Dust.

O H, come with  
old Khayyám,

and leave the Wise

\* To talk; one thing is  
certain, that Life flies;

\* One thing is certain,

and the Rest is Lies;

\* The Flower that once

has blown for ever dies.

MYSELF when  
young did  
eagerly frequent \*\*\*  
\* Doctor and Saint, &  
heard great Argument  
\* About it and about:  
but evermore \*\*\* \*\*\*  
\* Came out by the same  
Door as in I went. \*

WITH them  
the Seed of  
Wisdom did I sow,  
\* And with my own hand  
labour'd it to grow:  
\*\* And this was all the  
Harvest that I reap'd—  
\* "I came like Water,  
and like Wind I go."

AND this delightful  
\* Herb whose Tender  
\* Green \* \* \* \*  
Fledges the River's Lip  
\* on which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it light-  
\* ly! for who knows\*  
From what once lovely  
\* Lip it springs unseen!









INTO this Uni-  
verse, and why  
I not knowing,

\* Nor whence, like Water  
willy-nilly flowing:

\*\*\* And out of it, as

Wind along the Waste,

\* I know not whither.  
willy-nilly blowing.

WHAT,with-  
out asking,  
hither hurried whence?  
\* And without asking,  
whither hurried hence!  
\* Another & another  
Cup to drown \* \*  
\* The memory of  
this Impertinence! \*

Up from Earth's  
Centre through  
the Seventh Gate .\*

\* I rose, and on the  
Throne of Saturn sate,  
\* And many Knots un-  
ravel'd by the Road ;\*  
\* But not the Knot of  
Human Death & Fate.

THERE was  
a Door to \*

which I found no Key:

\* There was a Veil past

which I could not see;

\* Some little talk a-

while of Me and Thee

\* There seemed - & then

no more of Thee & Me.

THEN to the  
rolling Hea-  
ven itself I cried, \*

\* Asking, "What Lamp  
had Destiny to guide  
\* "Her little Children  
stumbling in the Dark?"  
\* And—"A blind Under-  
standing!" Heav'n replied.

THEN to \*

this earthen

Bowl did I adjourn

\* My lip the secret

Well of Life to learn:

\* And Lip to Lip it mur-

murd—While you live

\* “Drink—for once dead

you never shall return”

I THINK the  
Vessel, that with  
fugitive     \*     \*  
\* Articulation answer'd,  
once did live,     \*     \*  
\* And merry-make; &  
the cold Lip I kiss'd \*  
\* How many Kisses  
might it take - & give!

FOR in the—  
Market-place,

one Dusk of Day, \*

\* I watch'd the Potter  
thumping his wet Clay:

\* And with its all \*

obliterated Tongue—

\* It murmur'd—"Gently,  
Brother, gently, pray!"

A H, fill the  
Cup:-what  
boots it to repeat \*

\* How Time is slipping  
underneath our Feet:  
\* Unborn Tomorrow  
and dead Yesterday,  
\* Why fret about them  
if Today be sweet !

ONE Moment  
in Annihilation's Waste, \*\*\*

\* One Moment of the  
Well of Life to taste—  
\* The stars are setting  
and the Caravan \*\*\*  
\* Starts for the Dawn of  
Nothing—Oh, make haste!

AND we, that now make  
merry in the Room  
They left, and Summer  
dresses in New Bloom,  
Ourselves must we be-  
neath the Couch of  
Earth  
Descend, ourselves to  
make a Couch - for  
whom? \*









H OW long,  
how long.

in definite Pursuit

\* Of This & That en-  
deavour & dispute?

\* Better be merry with  
the fruitful Grape

\* Than sadder after  
none, or bitter, Fruit.

YOU know, my  
Friends, how long  
since in my House-

\* For a new Marriage

I did make Carouse:

\* Divorced old barren

Reason from my Bed,

\* And took the Daughter

of the Vine to Spouse.

FOR "Is" and "Is  
not" though  
with Rule and Line,  
\* And "Up-and-down"  
without, I could define,  
\* I yet in all I only  
cared to know \* \*  
\* Was never deep in  
anything but Wine.

AND lately, <sup>s</sup>  
by the <sup>s</sup>  
Tavern Door agape,  
\* Came stealing through  
the Dusk an Angel Shape  
\* Bearing a Vessel on  
his Shoulder; and <sup>s\*</sup>  
\* He bid me taste of it;  
and 'twas—the Grape!

**T**HE Grape  
that can

with Logic absolute

\* The Two-and-Seventy

jarring Sects confute:

\* The subtle Alchemist

that in a Trice \* \*

\* Life's leaden Metal

into Gold transmute.

THE mighty  
Mahmud,

the Victorious Lord,

\* That all the misbe-

leaving & black Horde

\* Of Fears & Sorrows

that infest the Soul

\* Scatters & slays with

his enchanted Sword.

BUT leave the  
Wise to wran-  
gle, and with me \*  
\* The Quarrel of the  
Universe let be: \* \*  
\* And in some corner  
of the Hubbub coucht,  
\* Make Game of that  
which makes as much  
of Thee.

F OR in and  
out, above,  
about, below,

\* 'Tis nothing but a  
Magic Shadow-show,

\* Played in a Box whose  
Candle is the Sun,\*

\* Round which we Phan-  
tom Figures come & go.

AND if the Wine  
you drink,

the Lip you press, \*

\* End in the Nothing  
all Things end in—Yes—

\* Then fancy while Thou  
art, Thou art but what

\* Thou shalt be—Nothing—

Thou shalt not be less.

WHILE the  
Rose blows  
along the River Brink,  
With old Khayyám  
the Ruby Vintage drink:  
And when the Angel with  
his darker Draught \*  
\* Draws up to Thee—take  
that, & do not shrink.

TIS all a ~~as~~  
Chequer-board  
of Nights and Days  
\* Where Destiny with  
Men for Pieces plays;  
\* Hither and thither  
moves, & mates, & slays,  
\* And one by one back  
in the Closet lays. \*\*\*

# THE Ball no Question

makes of Ayes & Noes,

\* But Right or Left as  
strikes the Player goes;

\* And He that toss'd Thee  
down into the Field,

\* *He knows about it all—*  
He knows—HE knows!

**T**HE Moving  
Finger writes;  
and, having writ, \*  
\* Moves on: nor all  
thy Piety nor Wit \*  
\* Shall lure it back  
to cancel half a Line,  
\* Nor all thy Tears  
wash out a word of it.

AND that inverted Bowl  
we call The Sky. \*\*\*  
\* Whereunder crawling  
coopt we live and die,  
\* Lift not thy hands  
to It for help—for It  
\* Rolls impotently  
on as Thou or I. \*\*\*

MYSELF when young did  
eagerly frequent Doctor and Saint, and  
heard great Argument  
About it and about:









WITH Earth's  
first Clay They  
did the last Man's knead,  
\* And then of the last  
Harvest sow'd the Seed:  
\* Yea, the first Morning  
of Creation wrote \*  
\* What the last Dawn of  
Reckoning shall Read.

TELL Thee this-  
When, starting  
from the Goal,  
\* Over the shoulders  
of the flaming Foal  
\* Of Heav'n Parwin &  
Mushtari they flung,  
\* In my predestin'd  
Plot of Dust & Soul.

THE Vine  
had struck  
a Fibre; which about  
\* If clings my Being-  
let the Súfi flout; \*  
\* Of my Base Metal  
may be filed a Key,  
\* That shall unlock the  
Door he howls without.

AND this I know:  
whether  
the one true Light, \*  
\* Kindle to Love, or Wrath  
consume me quite, \*\*  
\* One Glimpse of It with-  
in the Tavern caught  
\* Better than it the-  
Temple lost outright.

O H, Thou, who  
did'st with  
Pitfall and with Gin  
\* Beset the Road I  
was to wander in, \*  
\* Thou wilt not with  
Predestination round  
\* Enmesh me, & im-  
pute my Fall to Sin?

O H, Thou, who  
Man of baser  
Earth did'st make, \*

\* And who with Eden  
did'st devise the Snake;  
\* For all the Sin where-  
with the Face of Man  
Is blackend, Man's for-  
giveness give— & take!  
      \* \* \* \* \*

# KÚZA-NÁMA ♫

LISTEN again. One  
Evening at the Close  
\* Of Ramazán, ere—  
the better Moon arose,  
\* In that old Potter's  
Shop I stood alone \*  
\* With the Clay Popula-  
tion round in Rows.

AND, strange to  
tell, among  
the Earthen Lot.

- \* Some could articulate, while others not:
- \* And suddenly one more impatient cried—
  - \* “Who is the Potter, pray, & who the Pot?”

THEN said  
another—

“Surely not in vain

\* “My substance from the  
common Earth was ta'en,

\* “That He who subtly,

wrought me into Shape

\* “Should stamp me back  
to common Earth again.”

AND lately by the ~~as~~  
\* Tavern Door agape,  
Came stealing through  
\* the Dusk an Angel  
\* Shape ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~ ~~as~~  
Bearing a Vessel ~~as~~ ~~as~~







ANOTHER,  
said—“Why,  
ne'er a peevish Boy,  
\* “Would break the Bowl  
from which he drank  
in Joy;  
\* “Shall He that made  
the Vessel in pure Love  
\* “And Fancy, in an  
after Rage destroy!”

NONE answer'd  
this; but \*  
after Silence spake \*.  
\* AVessel of a more-  
ungainly Make: \*  
\* "They sneer at me-  
for leaning all awry;  
\* "What! did the hand  
then of the Potter shake?"

S AID one—  
Folks of a  
surly Tapster tell, \*  
\* And daub his Visage  
with the Smoke of Hell;  
\* They talk of some strict  
testing of us—Pish !  
\* He's a Good Fellow,  
& 'twill all be well.”

THEN said  
T another with  
a long drawn Sigh,  
\* "My Clay with long  
oblivion is gone dry:  
\* "But, fill me with the  
old familiar Juice, "  
\* "Methinks I might  
recover by and bye."  
"

**S**O while the  
Vessels one

by one were speaking,

\* One spied the little

Crescent all were seeking:

\* And then they jogg'd each

other, "Brother, Brother!"

\* "Hark to the Potter's

Shoulder-knot a-cracking!"

.. .. .. .. ..



A H, with the  
Grape my  
fading Life provide,  
\* And wash my Body  
whence the Life has died,  
\* And in a Winding  
sheet of Vine-leaf wrapt  
\* So bury me by some  
sweet Garden side. \*\*

THAT ev'n  
my buried

Ashes such a Snare

\* Of Perfume shall

fling up into the Air;

\*\* As not a True Be-

liever passing by \*

\* But shall be over-

taken unaware. \*\*\*

INDEED the  
Idols I have—  
loved so long \*

- \* Have done my Credit in  
Men's Eyes much wrong:
- \* Have drown'd my *x*  
Honour in a Shallow Cup,
- \* And sold my Repu-  
tation for a Song. \*\*

INDEED, indeed,

I Repentance—

oft before \*\*\*

\* I swore—but was I  
sober when I swore?

\* And then & then came

Spring,& Rose-in-hand

\* My thread-bare Peni-  
tence apieces tore. \*\*



BUT leave the wise to  
wrangle, and with me  
The Quarrel of the  
Universe let be: And  
in some corner of  
the Hubbub coucht,  
Make Game of that  
which makes as much  
of Thee.









AND much  
as Wine  
has play'd the Infidel,

\* And robb'd me of my  
Robe of Honour—well,

\* I often wonder what  
the Vintners buy \*

\* One half so precious  
as the Goods they sell.

A LAS. that Spring  
should vanish  
with the Rose! \*\*\*

\* That Youth's sweet-scented  
Manuscript should close!  
  
\* The Nightingale that  
in the Branches sang,  
  
\* Ah, whence, & whither  
flown again, who knows!

AH, Love! could  
thou and I  
with Fate conspire

\* To grasp this sorry  
Scheme of Things entire,

\*\* Would not we shat-  
ter it to bits— & then

\* Remould it nearer  
to the Heart's Desire?

A H. Moon of  
my Delight  
who know'st no wane,

\* The Moon of Heav'n  
is rising once again: \*

\* How oft hereafter  
rising shall she look  
\* Through this same Gar-  
den after me—in vain !

AND when Thy-  
self with  
shining Foot shall pass

\* Among the Guests Star-  
scatter'd on the Grass,

\*\* And in thy joyous  
Errand reach the Spot

\* Where I made one-turn  
down an empty Glass !

# TAMÁM SHUD

## VOCABULARY



## VOCABULARY

- ALIF, (L) *Ah-lif*. Name of the first letter in the Persian alphabet; the only vowel written.
- ALLAH, (LX) *Al-lâh*. Arabic name for the Lord God.
- AMÍR, (note 10) *A-meér*. Arabic for Prince; in composition, as amiru'ddeula, grand vizir (*wazir*).
- ATTÁR, (note 14) *Attawr*. A famous Persian Poet, Farrid-uddîn Attâr, author of the Bird Parliament, partly paraphrased by Edward FitzGerald.
- BAHRÁM GÚR, (XVIII) *Bah-rawm Goor*. Ancient Persian king and hunter.
- CARAVANSERAI, (XVII) *Karwawn-sar-ah-ee*. Hotel of the Caravan.
- DÁNAD, (note 22) *Daw-nad*. Third person singular of dâñ to know.
- FÁNUŠI KHIYÁL (note 21) *Faw-noo-see-Khe-yawl*. Magic lantern.
- FERRÁSH, (XLV) *Far-rawsh*. A servant, tent-pitcher.
- HÁTIM TAI, (x) *Haw-tim Ty*. A mythical king, type of generosity.
- HIJRA, (note 2) Arabic *Hedj'a*, flight. The flight of Mahomet from which Mussulmans date, June 16, 622.
- IRAM, (v) *Ee-ram*. The Arabian garden fabled to have been planted by Shaddâd bin 'Ad. See Sale's Koran, chapter lxxxix: note.
- JAMSHYD, (v) *Jam-sheed*. A mythical king of the Pesh-dadian dynasty. The ruins of his palace at Persepolis are still shown.
- KAIKHOSRÚ, (x) *Ky-koor-row*. Persian for King Cyrus.
- KAIKOBÁD, (ix) *Ky-ko-bawd*. A mythical king.
- KHUSRAW, (note 10) *Kooz-row*. Persian for Chosroes, a common royal name. Sanskrit *Susravas*, famous.
- KUZA-NÁMA, (in ed. 1, a title prefixed to quatrains LIX-LXVI) *Kooza-nawma*. Book of Pots, or Pot-book. See LXXXII-XC.

## OMAR KHAYYÁM

MÁH, (LI) *Maw*. The moon. The Arabs pronounce it *Mah*.

MÁHI, (LI) *Maw-hi*. Fish.

MAHMÚD, (XI) *Mah-mood*. A common name among Orientals corresponding to Muhammad or Mahomet.

MUEZZÍN, (XXV) *Moo-ez-zeen*. Anglicized from Arabic word meaning "he who calls to prayer."

MUSHTARÍ, (LXXV) *Moosh-tah-ree*. The planet Jupiter.

NAISHÁPÚR, (VIII) *Ny-(or Nee)shaw-poor*. In modern Persian, *Nishābūr*. The famous city of Khorasān, home of Omar.

NAW ROOZ, (note 2) *Naw Roz*. The Persian New Year's day.

OMAR KHAYYÁM, (by purists spelt 'Umar: the apostrophe indicating the breathing 'ain which might be represented by *gh*, as in *high*) *Ghoomár Ky-yawm*. Khayyám signifies Tent-maker. This may or may not have been a family trade.

PARWÍN, (LXXV) *Par-ween*. The Pleiades.

PEHLEVÍ, (VI) *Pah-hla-vee*. The official language of the Sassanian dynasty, with a special script. Later middle Persian still free from Semitic influence is called *Parsī*; modern Persian is called *Farsī*.

RAMAZÁN, (LXXXII) *Ram-a-dawn* or *Ram-a-thawn*. The ninth Muslim month, devoted to fasting.

RUBÁIYÁT, *Roo-baw-(gh)-ee-yawt*. Plural of Arabic *Rubâ'i* a quatrain, four lines.

RUSTUM, (X) *Roos-tam*. Rustam, a mythical Persian hero, son of Zál.

SÁKÍ, (XLVI) *Saw-kee*. A cup-bearer.

SHÁH-NÁMA, (note 7) *Shawh-nawma*. "Book of Kings," by Abul-qāsim Hasan Ahmad, known as Firdausi.

SHEIKH, (note 24) Arabic Sheekh. An old man, hence a title of respect; Sheikh-u'l-islam, chief of religion.

## VOCABULARY

SUBHI KÁZIB, (note 1) *Soo-bhee Kawzib*. The false dawn.

SUBHI SÁDIK, (note 1) *Soo-bhi Saw-dik*. The true dawn.

SÚFI, (LXXXVII) *Soo-fee*. A sect which read esoteric meanings into all poetry,

SULTÁN, (1) *Sool-tawn*. Arabic Sultán, a king. The King of Persia is Shâh, (*Shawh*) Padeshâh or Shâh-inshâh.

TAMÁM, (1st ed. TAMÁM SHUD) *Tah-mawm Shood*.  
The end. The very end.

ZÁL, (x) *Zawl*. Father of Rustam.

The accent in Persian words is regularly on the last syllable. These are approximately the pronunciation in modern Persian, but as Omar's own pronunciation is utterly unknown and was undoubtedly very different, the ordinary Anglicized use of the words is to be recommended.

N. H. D.



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